

with the result that the famished creatures that have been roaming the hills have become savage.

"Further north, along the Shakhe River, the Japanese threaten a flanking movement against General Kuropatkin. They are reported to have landed 30,000 men at Niuchwang and 30,000 at Pitsewo to help in this movement. The weather is so cold that it is not expected that the Japanese can advance beyond Mukden if they defeat the Russians again."

The prospective trouble between Russia and Great Britain over the attack on the North Sea fishing fleet, has blown over. The whole matter is to be submitted to arbitration by an international commission.

The most important recent war news, however, has come not from the scene of battle, but from diplomatic circles. Japan sent out a "feeler" to find out if Russia would listen to peace proposals, and the suggestion was indignantly spurned by the Czar's representatives. A very emphatic statement as to this matter was given out by Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, last week. "Russia will pursue the war in the Far East to the bitter end—that is, until Russia has conquered," he declares. "Russia can no more admit of interference than Great Britain could in her war with Spain. Where the prestige of a country is at stake, all other considerations are and must be put aside. Some people may think that financial difficulties will influence Russia to end hostilities. Such an opinion is based on a false assumption of Russia's financial resources. There is no doubt whatever that Russia, whose annual income exceeds one billion of dollars, cannot be influenced in her attitude toward the outcome of the war by the amount of war expenditures."

THIS WEEK'S FEATURES.

For some time before our combination with the Greenville Cotton Plant, we were much impressed with the excellence of the editorial department, "Thoughts for Farmers," conducted by Capt. Charles Petty, of Spartanburg Co., S. C. There is nothing connected with our purchase about which our North Carolina readers are to be so much congratulated as on the fact that Capt. Petty now contributes regularly to our columns. This week's "Thoughts," as usual, are filled with practical suggestions of great value. Especially would we commend to all readers the advice, "Sign No Papers," in the first section. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by looking over the advertising columns of The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant, you can find the address of some dealer who will supply you more cheaply than a traveling agent could possibly do. Traveling is very expensive, and the itinerant agent is compelled to demand heavy profits in order to make both ends meet.

In the letters from Chatham, Pitt and Mecklenburg Counties we have other examples of the fresh, brief, informal sort of articles we should like to get from every section of North Carolina and adjoining States—brief comments on successes or failures in farming; brief reports of farming conditions; brief suggestions for the benefit of fellow farmers. Let us have more such letters as Messrs. Hackney, Moye and Knox have given us.

Mr. J. Washington Watts offers some helpful advice as to growing alfalfa and the clovers. Farmers who have not yet come to realize the value of birds as insect destroyers should read Mr. J. D. Ragan's "How Partridges Saved My Corn." Our readers who recall Mr. W. J. Shuford's article on growing peas for market will be interested in H. F. C. B.'s notes on the growth of this industry in Cabarrus County. Two other valuable articles are those by W. R. Hayes and Samuel Archer. These farmers who haven't time to build the cow stall proposed by Mr. R. E. Pittman a few weeks ago can at least adopt the lever pole and feed box suggestions made by Mr. Archer.

Our cotton growing readers will be interested in Mr. Sherman's offer of free specimen boll weevils, as noted on page 1; and tobacco growers should not overlook Mr. Veazey's appeal for organization printed on our 4th page.

THANKSGIVING.

That is a very fine article, "The Deepest Thanksgiving," which we are printing on page 6. It points out very clearly that we ought to be thankful not only for the joys and pleasures of life, but for its times of stress and trial: just as the oak, if it could, should give thanks not only for the sunshine which blesses its leaves, but for the storms which root it deeper in the earth and leave it the stronger for having met their shock. The language of our author is worth reprinting:

"Because God is love, every man's sins are punished; because God is merciful, the easy road to corruption is set thick with difficulties; because God watches over them, men who have gone astray are suddenly discovered in their iniquities; because God will accept nothing ultimately but the best in every human soul, the discipline of life is searching, the burdens of life heavy, the disappointments of life manifold. Because God would make us like Himself, life is one long, severe, exacting education. Because we are immortal, we are never permitted to rest in mortal conditions, to find satisfaction with mortal possessions, to secure content in this mortal life."

It is not hard for the thoughtful man to find not only "sermons in stones, music in running brooks"—or just whatever it was Shakespeare said—but also "good in everything." There is not an event in our lives from which it is not possible to extract some good—not a mistake which may not teach us to avoid repeating it; not a misfortune that may not give us deeper sympathy for our fellows; not a struggle that may not give us greater strength for some future trial; not a sorrow that may not teach us humility and serenity.

But even these things, which though tempestuous. And the sweetest things are the common—only incidents in our lives in which sorrow is only a thread or a figure and joy the warp and weft. And the sweetest things are the commonest. Fame and power and wealth are for the geniuses who are willing to pay the price—willing to "scorn delights and live laborious days"—but what are these extraordinary honors beside the common joys within the reach of almost every one of us—health and love and the joy of making some nook of the earth brighter for our living in it? There is a world of truth in the words of John Richard Green as he wrote to a friend in his old age, truth to which most of those who have sounded all the depths and shoals of honor would quickly give assent: "What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by, is the love and peace and tenderness of it: not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cozy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music."

"And so"—in the language of Phillips Brooks—"let us give thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and He is over us and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more faithful, less complaining of our trials and our times, and more worthy of the tasks and privileges He has given us?"

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

"Why don't you send the Cotton Plant with The Progressive Farmer as you promised to do?" writes one brother with righteous indignation. And another one asks us to send him a sample copy of the Cotton Plant. Why, bless your souls, gentlemen, as we have explained several times before, "The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant" is one paper, and the Cotton Plant is no longer published as a separate periodical. Our paper is "The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant"—the two papers merged into one—just as

the News and Observer is one paper, the old Raleigh News and the old Raleigh Observer combined. Let us make this clear once for all.

* * *

There is another complaint that some of our trial subscribers have not been getting their papers promptly—and just complaint, we guess, because we have had to wait until papers had been mailed to our regular subscribers before sending out to these short term readers. But now all this is changed. We now have the names set up in type and hereafter all papers will be mailed out promptly. And it may be well to say just here that all trial subscriptions will be discontinued at expiration of time paid for.

* * *

This is the season of the year when farmers have money, and we must remind our readers that we are expecting renewals from all whose subscriptions have expired, or are about to expire. Don't wait for a circular or "dun" from us, but send on your renewal without further delay. If every reader would renew promptly, and save us the trouble and expense of sending out statements or reminders, we should be enabled to print a much better paper. You can help us to help you by sending your renewal in time.

Some of our readers who have been following the selections we have made from Paul Hamilton Hayne, but are not familiar with his biography, may wish a word or two of comment on his career. Hayne was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1830. Losing his father while a mere infant, he was adopted by his uncle, the famous Robert Y. Hayne of the Webster-Hayne debates, and grew up in wealth and luxury. But wealth and health alike were swept away by the Civil War, and reconstruction found Hayne in a little cottage in the Georgia woods, where he spent the rest of his life, dying in 1886. Disaster did not sour him, though to this must be attributed the vein of pensive melancholy which runs through most of his verse. He has been often called "the Poet Laureate of the South." His son, Will Hamilton Hayne, has inherited much of his poetic genius, and from his works we shall also make a selection or two for the series we are now running.

On page 5 we are printing letters from the North Carolina Congressmen and other public officials in regard to the Rural Letter Carriers' Association of North Carolina. The purposes of the organization are certainly most commendable, and since Thanksgiving Day is a legal holiday for all rural mail carriers, this would be an excellent time for the formation of county organizations where they do not now exist. Let the carriers avail themselves of this opportunity.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought,—this a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money. Greatness once and forever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover, when another man recites his charities.—From Emerson's Essay on "Heroism."

Thanksgiving.

Now sing we a song for the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days!
For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field;
For gold which the mine and the prairie
To deliver and husbandman yield!

O thou who art Lord of the Harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

—Rev. J. W. Chadwick.